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SKETCHES OF OUR VILLAGE. No. 4. THE MILLER.—CHAPTER IV.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

Let it be so. The barbarous Seythian. Or he that makes his generation messes. To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom He as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,

Six years passed, eager, anxious, bustling years with Miller Jed, during which he had, spiderlike, put forth many a cunningly-laid thread round the feet of needy debtors, which would eventually draw them within his clutches; then, the simpletons, if they made any outcry, Isaac would be ready to deal with them. In company with such thoughts as these, the old miser's heart seemed growing hard as his nether millstone. With the family at the Hollow, these years had gone by "as still as stars." The tall figure of the old soldier was still unbent, though he leaned oftener than of yore on his silver-headed cane, the gift of a brother officer, as he passed along on his way to meeting on a sunny Sabbath. A few white hairs gleamed upon the widowir temples, while Mercy had shot up, tall and graceful as a

They had counted time only by Isaac's vaca tions; for then the Hollow regained the old golden glow of sunshine, some of which, it seemed, he took with him at his departure. His vacations were mostly spent there, for his own home seemed cheerless and uncomfortable. Even Widow Barker's kind, old, wrinkled face failed to meet him at last, for her increasing infirmities had compelled her to give up her trust, and her place was occupied by a stranger. Though his father felt a kind of pride in him, and did not fail to manifest toward him that kind of respect which ignorance not unfrequently pays to talent, especially talent which can command money, not a single day passed in which the son did not feel, with a bitterness which made him sick at heart, the meanness and selfishness of his father's character. Every visit home deepened this feeling, and served to convince him that he never could consent to become the mean, pettifogging character for which his father designed him. Even the profession itself began to grow repulsive to him; and reatless, dissatisfied, and unhappy, he entered upon the last half year of his term.

About this time commenced that seemingly new

religion." The movement soon reached Land Isaac and his fellow-students were numbered

sims and end, stretching into eternity! If his father's life and opinions looked poor and contemptible to him before, what were they now, in the light of his newly awakened feelings? How willingly would he have laid down his life to have made his father conscious of its wickedness. He felt that he must see it; he could not fail to do so. God's law was so plain. He would strive with him as never yet child strove with a father, and then, casting aside all worldly ambition, joyfully go forth as a missionary, to speak the words of life unto the suffering millions of earth.

Thus, in words steeped in the glowing enthu siasm of his own heart, he wrote to his father and the family at the Hollow; for, though the close of his term was near at hand, his ardor

The Wards received the tidings with unfeigned pleasure. They felt that his talents were much better adapted to the pulpit than the bar, and they rejoiced in the consciousness that their teachings and influence had not been in vain. It was not so with Miller Jed. Not until he had read the letter over three times, and carefully examined the hand-writing, would he believe that he was not the object of some hoax. That Isasc should really think of opposing his will, he could not comprehend.

"Fool!" he muttered, contemptuously, "does he think I am going to throw away so much money on a poor canting priest? Aye, I see it all now, he continued, suddenly turning pale with rage this is old Ward's scheming. He thinks to marry his grandchild to this whining fool, and so regain his estate. I'll see the devil have them all first, the poverty-stricken old rascal. He called me cheat once; we'll see who will cheat or be cheated, now. I'll fix matters for them !" and shutting the water-gate with a violence that brought the great wheel to a sudden stand, and threw the glittering water in miniature cascades from every black rib of its skeleton frame, he settled his white hat more firmly on his powdered head, and sped like a great gray moth, through the shadowy forest, toward Ward's Hollow.

Had the prince of darkness himself suddenly appeared on the threshold of that old farm-house his appearance would hardly have been greeted with more surprise. The old soldier arose, as did also the mother and daughter, and stood silent from astonishment. But they did not wait long, for the old Miller, without waiting for ceremony, began to pour forth such a torrent of sarcastic invective and bitter vituperation, as those old walls had never heard before. When he mentioned the name of Mercy, in connection with their designs on his son, the hitherto flushed cheek of the girl grew pale as death, and she clung to her mother for support. Not so with the old soldier; all the spirit of "seventy-six" seemed swelling in his veins, as with compressed lips he listened to the old miser's tirade. When the Miller was fairly out of breath, he drew up his tall, stately form to its full height, and said, in a voice which rung with the strength and clearness of youth :

Are you mad, old man! I seek to wed one of my race with a Sewall! Do you know of whom you speak-or what you say? Begone," he added, with a commanding gesture towards the door, begone, I say, and pollute neither my house nor

my sight any longer !" There was something in the mien and tone of that old soldier, before which the brazen spirit of Miller Jed quailed. Thus it had ever been in all their intercourse; he could not help feeling it, and he hated him so much the more. He withdrew as suddenly and as silently as he had entered, and until his dusty figure was quite hidden behind the hills, not a word was spoken by the inmates of the old farm-house. Then the old man

I said no good would come of it, at first,

minds to see him no more. It will be a sad trial to him and to us, for somehow the boy has become very near to me; but better bear this, than the slightest suspicion of scheming for the end of which that old man spoke.

As usual, they questioned not his wisdom; nevertheless, the heart of Jane Ward yearned after the child of her adoption, and Mercy sorrowed bitterly but silently, at the thought of meeting him no more. About a week after his father's visit to the Hollow, lease, with a heart teeming with hope and faith, came up the green lane, paused a few moments on the flat stone by the bars, where he had first met with Mercy, then passed on to his father's house. Miller Jed, save when under the influence of some ungovernable burst of anger, was a man of few words. He had decided to waste no breath upon his son's whims, for the bard was to guille the son's whims, for the bard waste no breath upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's union, the son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the bard was the son's upon his son's whims, for the son's upon his son's whim he son's whi cided to waste no breath upon his son's whims, for dogged silence while Isaac spoke humbly, but elo-questly, of the change in his views, and his hopes and wishes of the future, and, at his usual early hour, retired to his bed without a word of

early hour, retired to his bed without a word of comment. The young man found hope in his silence, and fervently thanked God for disposing his father's heart to listen favorably to his request. The next morning, instead of going to the mill as usual, the old man was busy for some time in his own room. Presently he called for Isaac to join him, and laying before him upon the table a great, black leathern pocket-book, stuffed to bursting with papers of all hues, bade him see whether his "school larnin" could tell how much those papers were worth. The spider-like old Miller seated himself at one end of the table, and kept his glittering eyes steadily on his prey, while his glittering eyes steadily on his prey, while Isaac, pencil in hand, examined the different notes and mortgages, and made an estimate of their

amount.

"Four thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars," he said at length, running his pencil again up the column of figures, to see that they were

"Right, four thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars," repeated the old spider, "and this year' interest will make it a trifle over five thousand A pretty nest-egg that, Isaac; wonder if any minister can show as good a one," he added, with a wily glance at his son, as with his crooked fin-gers he tenderly replaced the papers in the queer,

old receptacle.
"Perhaps not," was the reply; "they are me who live with a higher sim than to lay up treasure on earth. Theirs is, I trust, in Heaven."

ure on earth. Theirs is, I trust, in Heaven."

"Aye, I, for one, am pretty sure it aint here,"
chuckled the old man; "but, come, bey, I want
you to go up the hill with me."

Carefully placing the old pocket-book in the
breast pocket of his coat, he led the way through
the dewy fields in silence. When they reached the
highest point of the ridge that overlooked Ward's
Hollow, for the first time the old man paused. It
was a beautiful scene that lay before them. On was a beautiful scene that lay before them. On the east, stretched out the deep, green woods, along the farther edge of which crept the winding mill stream, until, meeting the resistance of the heavy dam, its waters recoiled upon themselves, and lay spread out in motionless silence, like a young heart when it first finds its love and trust dishon-ored. On the west, lay the green Hollow, over whose rich mid-summer beauty streamed those pensive gleams of golden light, the first faint prophecy of autum. Isaac gazed abroad with a full heart. Like that heart, nature seemed over-flowing with love. A benediction seemed to full heart. Like that heart, nature seemed over-flowing with love. A benediction seemed to breathe forth from everything, and heblessed God for life—aye, even for breath. He thought of Mercy, of his silent but ever-deepening love for her—of the time when he might fold her to his heart as the crown of all blessings; then a rude hand was laid upon his shoulder, and his father's

average, two hundred a year more. It took a long head to get all this property, Isaac; it will take quite as long an ene to keep it. I have spent e'en-a-most a thousand dollars—e'en-a-most a thousand, to teach you how to keep it, and to add now and then a penny to it; for who knows how much more I might not have got, if I had only known enough abou not have got, if I had only known enough about the points of the law. You do know enough, and it shall all be yours, only, mark me, boy, I must have no more nonsense about priests; you must be a lawyer—a rich lawyer, Isaac, and nothing else."

"I know how much you have done for me, father. Believe me, I am not ungrateful, but do not drive me into a profession in which I know I shall never succeed. I don't care for money, only let me follow the way which my concience and"—

"Don't care for money!" screamed the old Miller, aghast. "Are you mad, or a fool, or both? How often have I told you that a man could succeed in anything, if he only had money enough?

anything, if he only had money enough?

"Father! father!" exclaimed the young man
much agitated, "would that I could persuade you much agitated, "would that I could persuade you that there is something better, higher, worthier of a life's devotion, than money. It is God's love—his peace. Has not Christ himself said, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"Don't talk to me about souls," angrily exclaimed the father. "These, I see and know," he continued pointing over the rich fields he willed.

claimed the father. "These, I see and know," he continued, pointing over the rich fields he called his own, "and these," he added, striking his hand upon his breast where lay the swollen pocket-book; "but of souls, you nor I know nothing. And, now," he went on, seeing Isaacabout to speak, "I can't stand parleying here. Once, for all, are you going to obey me? Will you be a lawyer or

going to obey me? edly for a few moments, then, with one glance at the lovely landscape and the blue heavens, he fronted his father, and said, sadly but firmly:

"Had you left it to me, father, or even consulted me, I should never have chosen the profession of law. Not that it is not honorable and

sion of law. Not that it is not honorable and great—even sublime in its principles and aims, but our views of it are widely different. Were I to follow it, you would be sadly disappointed, for never would I consent to advocate a cause I knew to be wrong; never would I stoop to become the instrument of oppression and injustice. When I think how some of these very lands have been won I connect date and other you."

with disappointment and anger. "Then not s cent shall you have of mine, to save you from the poor-house. Go, and my curse go with you!" he added, as he sprang hastily down the hill

side.

Isaac sank down upon a shelving rock, and, covering his eyes with his hands, as if that beautiful scene had suddenly become painful to him, strove to collect his troubled thoughts. It was a fearful moment. All his past life, all his future hopes, seemed pressed into it, and he could only bow his head, and, in the anguish of his spirit, cry, "Our Father!" As if in answer to that prayer, a calmer mood came to bless him. He prayer, a calmer mood came to bless him. He carefully scrutinized all the circumstances of his short life, and the motives that had led him to renounce a course which he felt could only be to him a death-in-life. Then came the memory of him a death-in-life. Then came the memory of his old nurse's lengends of the early martyrs, and his imagination kindled. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," he murmured, as he arose and slowly took the way toward the old farm-house in the Hollow. Just as he entered a thicket of young birch, at the foot of the hill, he met a boy with a fishing-rod over his shoulder, who placed in his hands a letter, saying, old Captain Ward had given him some pennies to carry it to the mill. Isaac knew the old man's habits; something unusual must have occurred to rouse him to the effort of writing a letter, and, with a foreboding of sorrow, he broke the seal. It needed little skill to decipher those round, regular characters. There pher those round, regular characters. There they stood, plain as the green earth beneath him, saying, in kind but firm words, that he must visit the Hollow no more.

"Cursed by him, and through him!" mur-

mured the young man, as, in the utter loneliness of his heart, he sank upon the haif-decayed trunk of a fallen tree. No one knows, no one ever can know, the bitterness, doubt, agony, and despair, of the succeeding hours of that glorious midsummer

One, two, three, four, five, six weeks—they oc-cupy but a little space on our paper, yet they crawled over the Hollow like so many weary it. Isaac will be a better, wiser, truer man, for the teachings he has received from you, and God be praised that it is so; still, we must make up our life's bitter chalice. WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1850.

Six weeks! and how passed they at the mill? We only know that the great mill wheel dashed round and round as of yore, the waters moaned and sobbed, while Miller Jed continued to scrape up the soft meal with his bent fingers, as he occasionally said to himself, "An obstinate dog; but he'll come round yet. Poverty is a rare tamer." Then, a man on horseback paused in the whitened atmosphere at the mill door, and delivered him a letter.

"I was going on to M.—, and promised our

"I was going on to M—, and promised our Minister that I would come this way and deliver that letter," he said. "It's sorry news, I recken, an you be his father;" and with a whistle to his horse, he cantered scross the bridge and up the hill.

Miller Jed started at his words, and stood for some time turning the letter over and over, as if he already anythended its contents. These re-dealy breaking the seal, he took them in at a

mured, as the paper shook in his trembling hands "He shall not die!" he exclaimed vehemently as he hurriedly stopped the wheel. "He cannot—so young, and"—he started and looked over his shoulder in fear. A few drops of water had fall!—en on his hand, and he thought of the cold damp forehead of his dead wife, and that old terror selzed him.

He hurried to his horse, and with the mea

He hurried to his horse, and with the mean still powdering his gray locks, like the ashes of repentance, mounted his sleek mare, and took the road towards L.—.

Weary, faint, and almost despairing, Isaac Sewall had reached L.—, he hardly knew how, and presenting himself before Judge G.—— and the old Minister, stated all his troubles, and becoment their advice. "I are homeless—an outsought their advice. "I am homeless—an out cast; but I had rather die, than become the mean

cast; but I had rather die, than become the mean, pettifogging character for which my father designs me," he said, sadly.

The old men were much impressed by his earnestness, and through their influence he was soon engaged as assistant in a large school in that vicinity, but he had hardly entered upon his new duties before he was seized with a raging fever.

When Miller Jed reached L ____, the disease was near its crisis. All that night the miserable old man set crowded in a dark corner of the room, scarcely daring to look upon the face of his child, listening to his ravings and low moans, with feelings too fearful for us to describe. Sometimes he was with his fellow students, but oftener at the Hollow with Mercy, and, as if a glesm of the truth still reached his troubled brain, he would moan piteously: "Oh, take me home! Let me see her once more!"

It was never of his own home, but of the Hollt was never of his own home, but of the 1101low, that he spoke, and only once his fevered lips
murmured the word, "Father." The very tone
was like a dagger to the old miller's heart. The
next day the crisis was past, and the physicians
spoke of hope, though the old man scarcely comprehended their words, but through the live-long
day sate silent in the same place, casting fearful
glances at the pale attenuated figure stretched
out on the bed, so like the one that had once lain
stiff and stark in his own house. When I same stiff and stark in his own house. When Isaa stiff and stark in his own house. When Isaac was able to look up, his father's presence was made known to him, and a gleam of pleasure lit up his pale face, but few words passed between them, and neither referred to the past. As he began to gain strength, one yearning desire took possession of his mind. "Only let me go home, and I shall be well," he pleaded, day after day, until the kind-hearted physician yielded a reluctant consent. An easy carriage was procupal, and, bolstered up with beds and pillows, Isaac bade farewell to his friends, and, at a snail-like pace, set out for home.

pace, set out for home.
"I much doubt the wisdom of this step," the old minister, as the carriage disappeared round the corner. "It is sixteen miles to B—

the worst." Then seeing the minister's inquiring look, he added, pointing to a golden leaf that floated slowly toward the ground, "our young friend's fate is like that. No earthly skill can

When the carriage reached the point where the green lane turned off to the Hollow, Isaac raised his eyes imploringly to his father's face, and made a faint gesture, as if he would go that way. Implicitly the old man obeyed, and at a slow funereal pace they drove on to the old farmhouse. The sight of the carriage brought the whole household to the door.

"He would come," said the old miller, as if in applications as they gathered round the carriage.

"Yes, grandfather, mother, Mercy," said lasac, faintly, as he stretched out towards them his thin hands, "I would come. You first taught me than at home, and you will come to see me daily."

The old miller looked anxiously toward Adam
Ward. "It," he murmured, hesitatingly, "money
can repay you, take all I have, only let him stay—
only save him."

"Gladly will we take him for his own sake," replied old Adam Ward, as he raised the poor invalid in his arms, and, assisted by Jane, bore

him into the house.

Those pensive, golden gleams, the pr autumn, that slept upon the hills the last time that isaac Sewall's feet had trodden them, had deepened into reality, and slowly, as the leaves the life of young Isaac Sewall toward the grave Loving hands tended him, and loving hearts lavloving hands tended him, and loving hearts lavished their wealth of tenderness upon him, and he was serene and happy. He knew it was much better to die thus than to go through life cold, selfish, and unloving. And he was happy in another thought; for all those sunny, autumn days his old father sat by his side, sometimes sobbing like a very child, as he spake of death and heaven, listening humbly and earnestly to the sacre Word, as it fell from the lips of Mercy-word which he had heard a thousand times, but never felt before, and, joining with unfeigned humility in the petitions which Adam Ward raised daily to the Father of All. Yes, Isaac was happyonly when his eye rested on the tear-dimmed face of Mercy, and his ear caught the sobs which she could not wholly represent was his heart troubled. could not wholly repress, was his heart troubled. Then he would take her hand, and, drawing her

while, only a little while at the longest, and we shall meet again." In the mellow light of an October day they laid

In the mellow light of an October day they laid him in the village graveyard, and turned away with hearts very sorrowful, but calm. The peace-ful quiet of his last moments seemed to have de-scended upon them, especially upon the old miller, and henceforth to him Death had put off his ter-rors. The memory of his child seemed to go ever before him in the way of eternal life. With a ready hand he strove to repair the sorrow which his grasping selfshness had made in other days, and most gladly would he have given back to Adam Ward his ancient inheritance. But the independent spirit that marked the old soldier's youth was still strong within him, and he de-declined saying.

declined, saying,
"Do what you please for my children, but, as
for me, I have about done with the cares of earth." for me, I have about done with the cares of earth."

Therefore, though no deeds witnessed the transfer of the estate back to the Wards, the wealth of the old miller flowed in many an open and secret channel around their lives—channels opened by Death; and for many years afterwards the two old men might often be seen, seated like brothers, near the open door of the old farm-house, while the golden sunlight streamed like a ray from the celestial world upon their whitened locks, speaking earnestly and hopefully of Death and the life beyond.

Forthe National Era THE CROSS.

Through life's thorny path, Without a living ray, Save the Lightning's wrath. As Egyptian night,

New Cross and Crown and gory And his atoning Glory, And his offering,

Seatter the despair-Give Peace unto repentant And Mercy unto prayer.

Written for the National Era.

REDWOOD, THE REGULATOR. BY C. H. WILEY, ESQ, OF NORTH CAROLINA. AUTHOR OF "ALAMANCE."

North Carolina was not at first a Royal Provnce, nor was the State colonized or settled by hose to whom was granted the proprietorship. Accident, chance, circumstances, peopled this region; and as the original acttlers were led, or attracted, by different interests and motives, the manners and characters of the new people were much diversified.

A colony of English was planted in the northeastern part of the Stafe; and to sness, accessions made by emigrants from New England and Virginia. Sir John Yeamans led a body of adventurers from Barbadoes to the mouth of the Cape Fear; and this became the nucleus of planters and cavaliers of wealth and distinction.

From these eastern cottlements, hunters, fugi-tives from justice, hardy eventurers, and austere religionists, would straggle of in the boundless woods to the west; and thus there were scattered over these upper regions occasional huts peopled by tenants of widely different manners and

In after times, a company of Moravians bought large tract of land, in what is now the county of Forsythe; and their flourishing little towns of Bethany, Salem, &c., became the centre of civilization and trade.

As might be supposed, the people of North Carlina grew up in ignorance of the Mother Country, of her laws and institutions; and their own governors and rulers, chosen by distant courtiers, who knew little of their wants and interests, were generally weak, corrupt, and despised. These petty tyrants, too, were often in league with the pirates and buccaneers that swarmed on the coast of the Carolinas for many years; and while a knowledge of this shameful fact added to the nnpopularity of the Government, it enhanced the icentiousness of the people, and justified them in their riots and defiance of authority.

What is, therefore, called the Revolution, began in North Carolina at least a half a century before the year 1776; and to those familiar with the early history of this region, the celebrated Mecklenberg Manifesto seems remarkable only from the fact that it is the act of only one county. Riotous meetings and public declarations of defiance of the laws were common from the earliest times; and when the Great Troubles with England began, there must have been many such meetings as that of Mecklenberg held in the wild woods, and never recorded in any of the newspapers of the times.

CHAPTER II.

Just one hundred years before the Declaration of American Independence, the inhabitants of Albemarle in North Carolina rose, as Bancroft says, "against the pretensions of the proprietaries and the laws of navigation;" and, continues the historian alluded to, "the uneducated popushrill tones fell upon his ears.

"It is a goodly bit, boy. From the Red hills younder to the river, and from the road clean away on the Monroe's Notes."

"So do 1," replied the physician, with a sigh, try."

> the hands of New England traders, who bought the produce of the farmers, and brought to their doors such articles as they wished to purchase in return, in other words, also Wender posture was then, as now, an important character, and familiar to all the inhabitants of Carolina. One object of the laws alluded to by Bancroft was to divert the trade of the country into different channels and this attempted restraint upon the free course of commerce was resisted by the people. The resistance amounted to a revolution : a Governor was deposed, laws abrogated, and new rulers appointed and new regulations formed for the public welfare. In the course of time, however, the republicans were subdued; still disaffection continued for many years, and the effects of the Rebellion" were never entirely obliterated Feuds and animosities prevailed for half a century, and in the mean time many of the leaders of the Opposition" becoming compromised by their liberal doctrines, or disgusted with the course of things, plunged into the interminable woods to the westward, and in the solitude of those vast forests sought freedom and safety. Some of them settled within the nominal bounds of the county of Orange, which was then as large as the State of Maryland; but as they were scattered sparsely through the woods, they were hardly recognised as citizens by the public authorities, and were, in almost all things, "a law unto themselves." Their children grew up independent in every respect, and from their infancy imbibed the most bitter prejudices against officials of every grade. Offices and tyranny were with them synonymous terms; and such conclusions, in the then misgoverned state of things, were not extravagant or absurd-Many of these people were persons of property and education; and, simple in their habits, stern in their principles, and devotional in their feelings, they formed a population as different from all classes of civilized men in this age as it is ossible to conceive.

CHAPTER III.

In a thick forest, not far from Haw river, stands Haw Fields Church ; or, as it is generally called, Haw Fields Meeting-house. It is a venerable edifice, standing on a site that has been consecrated to religious purposes for more than a hundred years. It has always belonged to the Presbyterians; but from the earliest history of the country, other denominations have been allowed to worship there, and preachers of other churches, especially of the Methodist and Baptist, to hold cetings and administer the rites and ordinances of their societies.

Originally the church was a mere frame reather-boarded, but not ceiled; and in fair weather the congregation sat out of doors, and the minister held forth from a platform erected against a gigantic poplar.

posted through the neighborhood of the Haw Fields, stating that on the third Sunday in April a minister from the up-country would preach to the people, or explain to them certain prophecies that were then absorbing a good deal of public attention. The prophecies alluded to were the predictions of a modern divine, concerning the destruction of a portion of the world ; predictions that were strongly urged in an eloquent pamphlet, which declared that on a certain day of the next year, one-third of the earth would be carried away by convulsions. It was not stated what part would be thus destroyed; but many believed, and the uncertainty as to the part to be whelmed in ruin added to the terrors of the people.

Of course, therefore, on the day appointed, an immense congregation assembled at the Haw Fields Church; and early in the day a trumpet announced to them the hour for worship. When the company had gathered about the stand, or pulpit, their curious eyes were directed to its occupant; and there was a general surprise at the appearance and dress of the minister.

His countenance had not the ghastly expres-

sion of those who are supposed to hold intercourse with spirits and phantoms of another world; nor did he was and and uncouth raiment of a prophet. He was fell frame was clad in a decent wit of the law was clad in a decent spun" of the times; and his brown hair, very lightly frosted, was carefully combed and trim-

med, the strange divine not even having a queue then the universal badge of dignity. There was that, however, in his air and carriage, that, to the rudest observer, marked him as one if the princes

of the earth; and in his face beaned a majesty which belongs only to the free.

After a short and simple prayer, that added still more to the astonishment of the audience, and a hymn, in which few joined, the minister rose and said: "'He that observeth the winds shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds, shall not reap.' My friends, these were the words' of Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived; and of Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived; and they were intended to show the folly of undertaking to foretell God's future providence." With simple language, but strong arguments, he endeavored to convince his audience that it was given to no man to know the future, except by the react, and he demonred as midner and important to worship an unworthy idol! Be still; a silly girl has enslaved a great and mighty soul! Be calm, young man! She is a shallow and a great man in the poor live with their evil predictions. "Yes "he continued to the providence of the provide

men: they are vile instruments in the hands of tyrants, assuming the most holy functions for the most diabolical purposes. It is their object," he said, "toturn your attention from the corruptions and the evil practices of those in power; to cause you to wear meekly and patiently the yoke of oppression, while with fear and trembling you are looking for terrible visitations from on High."

Thus he went on, assuring the people that they need not fear any judgments from Heaven; and depicting with real eloquence the wickedness, extortions, and corruptions of the officers of the Province. Even the King did not escape with

Province. Even the King did not escape with impunity. The Governor (Tryon) was pictured by him with a master's power, and, finally, coming down to the clerk of the county, his eloquence began to move his hearers, because it was the eloquence of facts and figures, the narration of acts with which most of his audience were familiar.

"And then," continued he, startling his congregation, "there stands the man of whom I speak, and when I point him out, it is not to subject his person to violence or insult. I invite him to a free discussion; I invite you, Colonel Edmund Fanning, to come up here beside me,

and answer me if you can."

The person alluded to had started up one of the middle assles, but so intent were the congregation, that they had not observed him. All eyes were now directed on him; and he stood with his arms folded, and his well-marked and aristocratic features flushed with indignation and

"Do you know that vain man?" said he to an elderly gentleman at his side, without seeming to pay the slightest regard to the preacher's ques-tion. His friend was ignorant of the stranger's name; and the question, "Who is he?" began to be buzzed through the congregation, when the speaker resumed :

"Colonel Fanning." said he, "you will not you cannot, you dare not, meet me on the field of free discussion; but willingly, aye, most anxiously, do you desire to confront me in a corrupt court, before an unprincipled judge. I know you well: I understand you, sir. You seem now, all indifference and contempt; and yet, at this very moment, you are endeavoring to find out my name, that you may pursue me with the vengeance of the law. I am responsible, sir, for what I say; I have no aliases, and my name is Council Red-

The whole assemblage, electrified by this announcement, rose to their feet; and one young man, in the midst of the general excitement, rushed upon the stand and grasped the speaker's

"Your father and I were intimate, Carey," replied Redwood, to a remark of his new acquaint-ance; "cr, rather, I should say, he was a father to me. My father and he had stood together in difficulties on Albermarle, many years ago; they fied together, and, though they settled many miles apart, used regularly to see each other twice a year. My father died when I was young, often saw your father, you being generally off at school. I never saw you but once, and then you were a boy about ten; I believe they called you "That is my name," answered the young man; "and now that I have finished my education, i would be glad to see you at my father's old place. All are dead but myself; but you will find my bachelorentertainment not altogether rude. Come,

you must go with me immediately ; it will be dan Why dangerous, young man ?" asked Redwood; "are the people here not my friends? are they not the friends of Liberty?"

"A majority of them may be, but Colonel Fan ning is here, and he has tools and friends." And what brought that man here? How ould he have known of my coming? "He did not come to hear you," said Carey.
"the scoundrel has fixed his eyes on a beautiful lady of this neighborhood," he continued, in a

whisper, "and she and her guardian are both in While this conversation was going on. crowd were gathering together in knots, some talking violently, some dispersing, and others ea-gerly crowding round the pulpit. To a great number of these latter, Redwood was introduced, and to them he formally and publicly announced his determination to speak there again on the

A heavy two-horse coach, considered, in that day, a very splendid one, divided with Council Redwood the attention of the people at Haw The latter, and the owner of the former, were

equally notorious; the one as a great leader of opposition to the Government, the other as a cor-rupt and haughty officer; and now that both were present, the public curiosity was unbounded.

The clerk of Orange was unusually polite and affable, bowing kindly to all who pass without appearing to be at all uneasy or intimi-dated, he soon left the ground, carrying with him in his carriage a plain old gentleman of the neigh-borhood, and his niece and ward. Abraham White was one of the fathers of the settlement, a respectable but poor planter; he was a timid old man, fond of show, and immensely tickled by the attentions of Fanning to himself and Miss Mary White, his niece.

This latter, just then budding into womanhood, was fairer even than the comeliest beauties of the Haw Fields; was a meek and playful child of nature, with soft brown eyes, in whose orbs lay a shadow White was one of the fathers of the settlement

She had been carefully raised and educated by erally, was fond of the society of the town of Hillsborough, and endeavored to model his niece Hillsborough, and endeavored to model his niece after the gay belles of that ancient borough. Indeed she had spent much of her time in that place; and though the traditions of the neighborhood represent her as having been much beloved at home, she seems to have had little relish for the rural sports and spiritual exercises of the country. She soon attracted the attention of Fanning; and his marked respect for the Whites made it fashionable for the gentry of Hillsborough to treat with kind regard these poer and obscure people. A close and pained observer of this course of things was Ambrose Carey; and when at his house with his new guest, whenever the at his house with his new guest, whenever the conversation turned on Fanning, he was sure to make some allusion to the Whites. Council Redwood, a keen observer, soon divined the most sacred wishes of his young friends heart; and managed in the course of the evening, to obtain from him a full confession.

They had been children together; and from an early period the beauty and confiding simplicity of "the Lily of Haw Fields," had won the manly of "the Lily of Haw Fields," had won the manly heart of Carey. He was much above her in rank and wealth; and at the time now alluded to was, in education and position, one of the leading men of Orange, though still very young. Mere rank and wealth, however, had no charms for him; and though educated abroad, Mary White was still the magnet of his soul. His generous imagnation had invested her with every grace and every virtue; and though he had never made any formal proposals, he had until recently considered himself as the object of affection as pure and devoted as his own.

Redwood, to satisfy himself of the prudence of his friend's passion, resolved to visit the Whites; and without telling Carey his object, he departed on his journey. The latter wished to go with him, but Redwood preferred to go alone.

CHAPTER V.

"I have news for you," said Redwood, on his return to Carey's, "important news, and I wish
you to ponder well what I say."

"And I," replied Carey, "have important information for you; but do you speak first, for, as you know, lovers are impatient."
"Do you believe me to be your friend?" asked Redwood, seriously.

Certainly I do." "Do you believe that I am a man of honor and truth; that I would faithfully serve your father's

tinued, "they are sometimes werse than madionen: they are vile instruments in the hands of tvrants assuming the most holy functions for the

"You have put a nightmare on my heart," said Carey, "and perhaps now you wish to lift it off. Alas! if Mary White is what you represent her, then is all beauty but a phantom, all virtue loathsome vice, all the seeming fair things of earth but hollow mockeries! Have the good the

hollow mockeries! Have the gods thus sported with us? Are all the high hopes of the soul but a sickly dream? If so, then let me die at once." "My friend," answered Redwood, "when a my friend, answered Redwood, "when a generous man is deceived in one object of his regard, he doubts everything; and it pains me to witness this first fearful struggle in your heart. You speak of the gods; there are no gods but One, and whenever you lose the anchorage of faith in Him, you will be lost indeed!

Look out on the heavens, which are now so beautiful! Did you see that shooting meteor? But a minute ago it was, to all appearance, a star, looking as fair and brilliant as the others; and yet it was but an exhalation. And think you, be-cause many of those bright orbs above us are but burning gas, or noxious vapors, that there are no stars? But time flies, and I must finish my news.

On next Saturday, Mary White is to go to Hills borough, to spend several weeks at Fanning's." "Then she is lost!" cried Carey, rising in great agitation. "She is lost, and I am forever undone! It must not, it cannot, it shall not be!

oh! that it was morning!"

"I agree with you," interrupted Redwood,
"that she must be stopped, if possible. Although
not worthy of your adoration, she is worthy of
being saved from ruin; and, young man, she is
nearer to me than you think. That girl is the
first cousin of my poor wife, who is gone to a
better world; and she must be saved! But tell
me, what have you heard?"
"The shariff was here to day, he incidentally

"The sheriff was here to-day; he incidentally mentioned your name; and I have no doubt in the world but he has a process against you."
"I suspected as much," said Redwood; "but he must not find me, for I have now much great work

Early next day, Ambrose Carey rode over to White's, and came home leaving Mary in a pet; white's, and came home, leaving Mary in a pet; she even went so far as to call him a bear. The crisis, however, was too important to permit him to take serious offence at her whims; and so he sat down and wrote her a very long letter, declaring himself no longer a suitor, but a friend; and in the most delicate manner hinting at her position, and the reports then in circulation. He declared his belief in her perfect innocence; but reminded her of the necessity, in females, of she might desire.

The messenger brought back a note from Mary, thanking Mr. Carey for his magnanimity and generosity, and expressing regret at his resolution not to see her again. She, however, declared that she might be able to survive his determinagentle admonition to Mr. Carey to take care of his own reputation, while traitors were his guests. The very next day, Fanning's carriage carried Mary White to Hillsborough; and it was at once concluded by Redwood and Carey, that spies had notified the clerk of their moves

At this time the whole country was in a fer ment. Opposition to the Government had assum-ed an organized form; and the multiplied memorials of the people concerning the extortions of officers having been treated with neglect by Governor Lyon, bold leaders began openly to preach rebellion. Among the most noted of these were Herman Husband, formerly of Pennsylvania, Rednap Howel, William and James Hunter, and Thomas Person; less known to subsequent history, but perhaps more efficient than any in his day, was Council Redwood.

Husband and Howel aspired to the honors of authorship—the former in prose, the latter in poetry; and others following their example, the country was flooded with songs, lampoons, and inflammatory pamphlets. This new branch of "the Sons of Liberty" styled themselves "Regulators;" and their influence and organization reached almost every part of the State. Many of the leaders, however, lacked discretion; and to the great mortification of wiser men, matters were burrying to a premature crisis. The collection of taxes was sometimes resisted; sheriffs and con-stables were beaten, and riots were daily occur-

The Government, feeble and remote, was ut-terly ignorant of the dangers impending, and to the very last entertained erroneous notions concerning the numbers and determination of the Such was the state of things at the time Coun

cil Redwood was the guest of Ambrose Carey cil Redwood was the guest of Ambrose Carey; and at such a time such persons were objects of orutiny. Fanning, the clerk of the county of Orange, entertained, like the Governor, a contemptuous opinion of the Regulators; and, by his legal fees, and the extortions which fanned the flames of rebellion, was able to live in a state almost equal to that of the Governors of other Provinces. He, however, knew Ambrose Carey to be a gentleman of education, property, and character; and he was also well acquainted with the reputation of Council Redwood. Before he the reputation of Council Redwood. Before he knew him as a Regulator, he had often heard of him as an bonest and shrewd horse-dealer, and man of the coolest courage. Report, too, represented him to be a mysterious sort of person, conversant with occult sciences, and able to perform strange actions; and as he did not seek notoriety, and never used his power to advance his own in-terests or injure his enemies, he was rather more terests or injure his enemies, he was rather more beloved than feared. Even among those to whom he was personally unknown, he was held in high eateem; and among his personal and intimate as-sociates, his influence was unbounded. The Clerk of Orange was not a believer in witchcraft; and he concluded that Redwood was a man of parts, while he had every reason to know that his courage and energy were beyond dispute. Hence Fanning rejoiced at an opportunity of reaching, with the long arm of the Law, the "Wizard of the Pilot," the popular designation of Redwood: the Pilot," the popular designation of Redwood and while he and Carey were discussing method:

and while he and Carey were discussing methods for the rescue of Mary White, the Sheriff of Orange, with two deputies, rode up to the house. What was to be done?

"Ambrose," said Redwood, hastily, "I would fain make an effort to save Mary White, but I have a greater cause to serve. Both will be in jeopardy if I am taken; if I escape, while one will be in no worse condition, the other will be bettered. There is no time to be lost; give me a nucleus this chimney and then do you pretend push up this chimney, and then do you pretend to be anxious about that great chest in the cor-

It was the fashion, as some know, to build chimneys, in those days, with fire-places of immense size, whole families being able to sit comfortably between the jambs, and Council Redwood, stout, active, and a practiced hunter, found no difficulty in making an ascent to the top of Carey's house. The latter, to the questions of the Sheriff, gave evasive answers, constantly glancing at the huge chest in a corner of the room; and the Sheriff advancing towards the suspicious object, his host threw himself on the lid in such a way as to induce the officer to call in his deputies. The lid was quickly forced, the young man, in the mean time, warmly expostulating against the proceedings; the old-fashioned fixture, "op'd its ponderous jaws," and

WHOLE NO. 190. revealed piles of old books and papers, and a

rusty sword, an old pair of horseman's pistols, and the decayed accourrements of an officer of a former age.
"Behold," exclaimed Carey, "the weapons and

"Behold, exclaimed Carey," the weapons and dress of a captain in Cromwell's army; they did good service then; they served the cause of liberty on Albermarie, and, by the blessing of God, they shall again be worn by a freeman, in the cause of humanity."

The Sheriff was not in a mood to philosophize;

and had he been, he would have been interrupted

by a loud, stern voice in the lane:
"Sheriff of Orange!" cried Redwood, and all
the tenants of the house ran to the door. The hardy Regulator was mounted on a horse whose mettle he well knew, and the noble animal seemed mette ne well knew, and the nonle animal section to understand that his master was in danger. "Shariff of Orange," said Redwood, "tell Colfanning that I have postponed my appointment at the Haw Fields I will preach there on Sat-

back, and the chase began. At first the burly Regulator, like a coursing hare, seemed to play before his pursuers, the latter also holding back as if to try the bottom of their game; but, gradually, all parties applied the whip, and soon the woods resounded with the clatter of boofs striking furiously on the ground. The Regulator kept within talking distance of his pursuers, still sitting, half-turned in the saddle, and calmly discoursing with the Sheriff and his aids; and thus they went till mile after mile had been passed, and the appearance of the country began to indicate the proximity of a large stream of water Redwood knew that the Alamance was not far off, and, for fear of accidents, put his horse to his speed and was quickly out of sight. One of the deputies, however, was bellowing behind, crying, "Stop thief! Arrest the outlaw!" and uttering such other exclamations as were calculated to excite the suspicions of persons about the crossing of the stream before them. The bridge of the Alamance was a toll-bridge, and as the Wiz-ard of the Pilot came galloping up, all covered with dust and soot, two men with guns stood up-

on the abutment. "Dissount, or we'll fire," said one of them. Redwood dismounted, and leading up his horse, asked what was the toll.

"Nothing, till you pass," they exclaimed, seiz-ing him, and indulging in a quiet, sinister laugh, " may-be the Sheriff will pay for you." The of-ficers were then in view, shouting to the toll-keeper and his aid to hold their prisoner fast; but keeper and his aid to hold their prisoner fast; but the bold Regulator kept his eyes on other objects. "There, old Alamance, is my toll!" said he, as with a powerful shake of his right arm he shook one of his jailers into the turbid stream below, and then, taking the other in his arms, cried: "Your fare is paid, Mr. Sheriff," and flung his writhing victim over the other side of the bridge. In an instant he was on his horse, and rising in his stirrups and lifting his hat, thank-

ed his pursuers for their company to the bridge, bade them good day, and dashed into the woods.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.] SPEECH OF HON. DAVID WILMOT. OF PENNSYLVANIA.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Wednesday, July 24, 1850.

The Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union having postponed the consideration of the California Message, and taken up the bill making appropriations for the support of the Mil-itary Academy—
Mr. WILMOT obtained the floor, and proceed-

ed to say: That he should fail in his duty if he remained silent under the charge against those friendly to the unconditional admission of California, made upon them by the gentleman from Illinois, [Mr. McClernand.] He had himself heard of the existence of a party or faction in that measure, as to threaten resistance by revolutionary means to puralyse the functions of Government by a defeat of the ordinary means to puralyse the functions of Government by a defeat of the ordinary management of the allies and coadjutors of the gentleman from Illinois. He (Mr. W.) was not of them in spirit or in action.

Mr. WILLIAMS rose to a point of order. He submitted that it was not in order on this bill to discuss the question of the admission of Califor-

roversy on this point of order, he should ask reduced to writing. Mr. WILLIAMS referred to the rule on which e based his point of order.

as follows:
"I call the gentleman to order, under the 31st rule of the House, which requires the speaker to confine himself to the question under debate, and it is not in order for the gentleman to discuss the merits of the California bill on the question now

pending."
Mr. HILLIARD inquired whether the ques tion was debateable?
The CHAIRMAN said, the Chair had not yet

given a decision.

The CHAIRMAN then said that, looking to the range of debate wich was allowed in Cor Chair did not feel authorized to pronounce the remarks of the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Wilmor] out of order. The Chair, therefore, overuled the point of order.

Mr. WILLIAMS said, that he appealed from

the decision of the Chair.
Mr. WILMOT desired to be informed by the Chair, whether, when the House was in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, the state of the Union generally, as well as the immediate bill which was pending, was not under con-

The CHAIRMAN assented, remarking that it was upon that ground that he had overruled the The question was then taken, "Shall the decis-ion of the Chair stand as the judgment of the Committee?" and decided in the affirmative, with-

out a division.

So the decision of the Chair was affirmed by the

Committee.
Mr. WILMOT proceeded. Not until to-day. and from the gentleman from Illinois, Mr. Mc-CLERNAND, had he heard this charge of a desire CLERNAND.] had he heard this charge of a desire to defeat the appropriation bills, made upon the friends of Freedom. He had risen to repeal any such charge, and to brand as false, all such rumors. Indeed, it was astonishing to him how such ru-mors could have obtained currency. He suspectmore could have obtained currency. He suspected that they existed only in the imagination of the gentleman from Illinois, and that he is the first to give them breath and circulation. In the caucus to which the gentleman refers, there was not a word said which could be tortured into such a construction. It is true that the friends of California desire action; it is true, they begin to apprehend that those who came here professedly her friends are not so in good faith, but are prepared friends, are not so in good faith, but are prepared to give her the go-by. He desired to give to Cal-ifornia precedence over the appropriation bills He believed that the friends of California desired the believed that the friends of California desired that course now; and the reason is this: the history of the Government, for twenty years, proves that the appropriation bills are not passed until the last days of the session; and he felt satisfied that when those bills were passed, that the day of adjournment will have arrived. The same men who now seek to stave off the admission of Caliof eight months—the same men, sir, will vote for and carry an adjournment, so soon as the appropriation bills shall have been passed. It is to insure action on this measure—to make it certain—to place it beyond doubt or contingency, that we